COWGIRL Romances

No. 10
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FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES

"TWO HEARTS Against the VIGILANTES"

"the NO-GIRL of STAMPEDE VALLEY"

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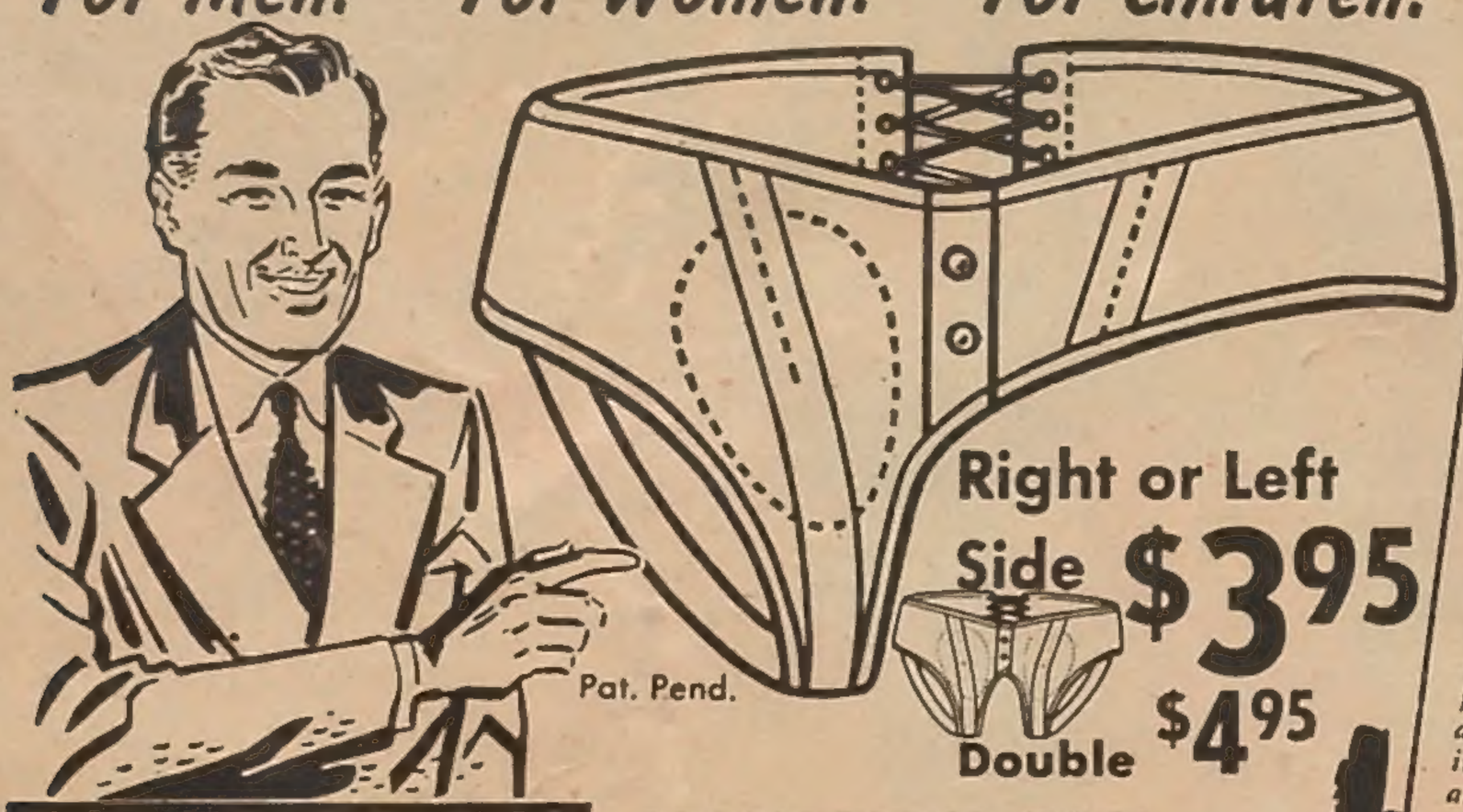

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A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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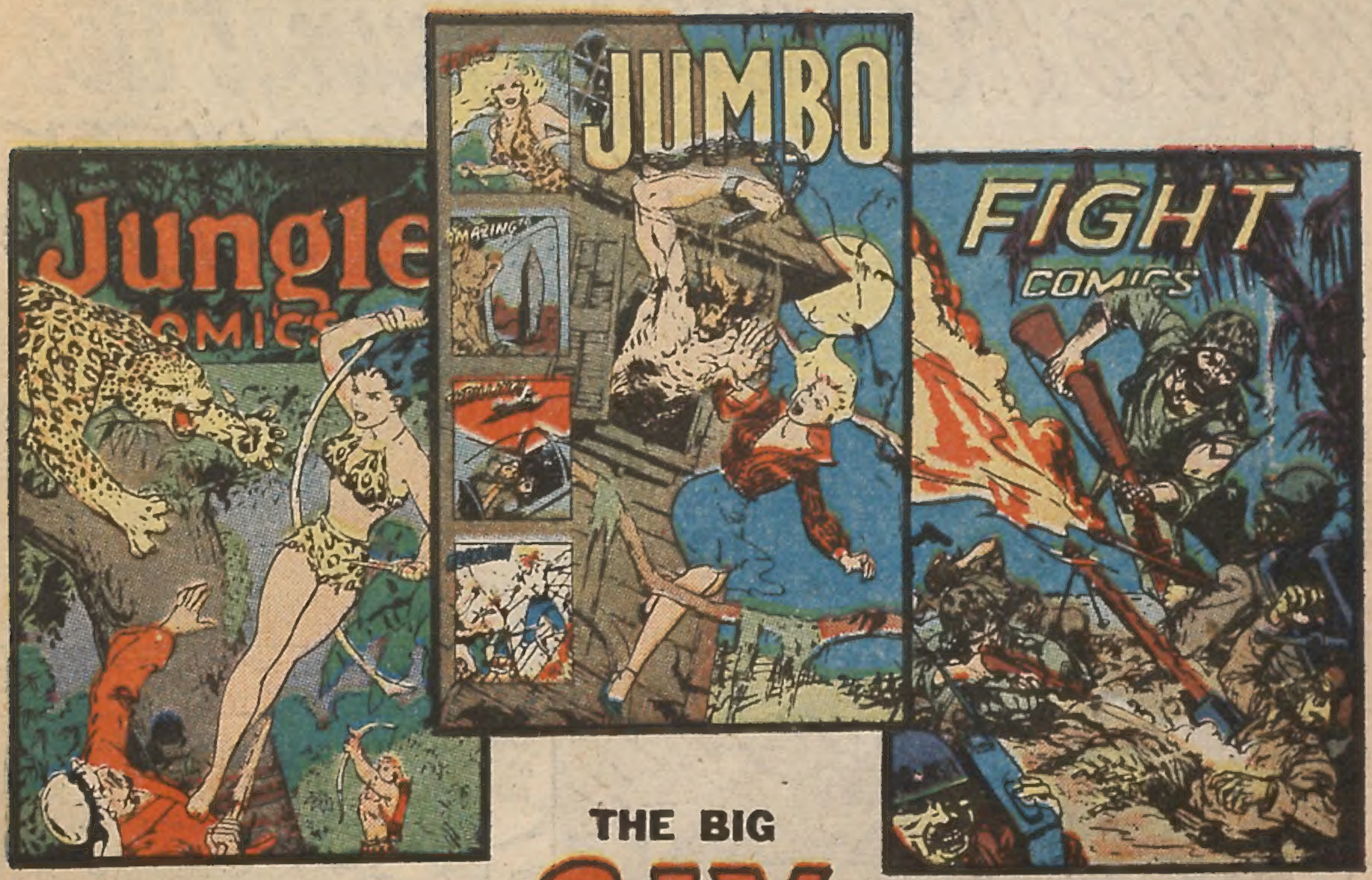

THE BIG

SIX

OF THE COMICS!

Two Hearts against the VIGILANTES

TOM HENDERSON WAS AS SET IN HIS WAYS AS A WELL-BROKEN SADDLE HORSE —WITH HIM THERE WAS SAFETY— WHILE BILL DESMOND WAS AS WILD AS THE RIVER, MYSTERIOUS AS THE NIGHT —AND WITH HIM THERE WAS DANGER! THESE WERE THE MEN **NINA DODD** KNEW SHE'D HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN SOON...

"AND NOW AS THE EVENING CHURCH BELLS TOLLED IN THE VALLEY..."

"I WAS SECRETLY SCHEMING WITH SIS, SO I COULD SNEAK AWAY..."

TAKE MY PLACE, POLLY DEAR... MAKE UP SOME EXCUSE FOR ME! I'VE GOT TO SEE BILL!

HYMNAL

"AS I RUSHED OUT, I ALMOST COLLIDED WITH TOM HENDERSON, BUT LUCKILY MY SHAWL HID MY FACE..."

"I KNEW WHAT SIS WOULD TELL HIM..."

NINA HAD A TERRIBE HEADACHE, TOM— SHE LEFT FOR THE RANCH!

ALL RIGHT, LITTLE DUTCHESS, I'LL SEE HER TOMORROW!

HYMNAL

"I LIKED TOM A LOT, BUT BILL'S MESSAGE TO MEET HIM HAD SOUNDED URGENT..."

"I KNEW HE'D BE WAITING FOR ME AT HIGH EAGLE ROCK..."

BEAT IT TILL I CALL YOU, BOYS! HER HORSE IS COMING UP THE TRAIL NOW!

"THEN I WAS IN HIS ARMS— THE DANGER AND MYSTERY, THE WILD YEARNING I HAD FOR HIM ALL MIXED UP, WHIRLING CRAZILY IN MY HEAD..."

I'VE GOT TO RIDE OUT, NINA— THE SHERIFF'S POSSE'S AFTER ME... BEEN A HOLDUP IN TOWN! THEY ALWAYS BLAME ME BECAUSE I'M NOT A RANGER LIKE HENDERSON OR YOUR DAD!

YOU'RE BITTER, BILL— I—I'VE NEVER HEARD YOU TALK LIKE THIS!

THEY'VE MADE ME BITTER, THEY'RE MAKING ME RUN— AND YOU'LL COME WITH ME!

YOU'RE MAD, CRAZY, BILL—I COULDN'T, I...

BRING THE WAGON, BOYS, YOU'RE COMING, NINA— YOU'RE BILL DESMOND'S WOMAN! HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

"A SUDDEN GROWL— THEN AN ANGRY SHAPE WAS STREAKING THE AIR..."

YOUR DOG, NINA— CALL HIM OFF, OR...

"BUT..."

"THEN HERO WAS LYING STILL ON THE GROUND ... AS BILL'S WHIP CRACKED AND WE ROLLED AWAY..."

"NEXT MORNING..."

YOU SAY NINA HASN'T BEEN HOME ALL NIGHT, MR. DODD?

THAT'S RIGHT, TOM - AND HER MOTHER HERE'S GOING CRAZY! THERE'S POLLY NOW!

OH DEAR, I'VE GOT TO TELL - SH-SHE WENT TO HIGH EAGLE ROCK, LAST NIGHT DURING SERVICES...SAID SHE HAD TO MEET BILL DESMOND!

DESMOND! HE'S WANTED FOR THAT HOLDUP... SAY, LOOK ISN'T THAT HERO COMING?

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN HIT WITH SOMETHING! FEED HIM, AND THEN MAYBE HE CAN TAKE ME BACK OVER HER TRAIL!

"SOON..."

I WARNED NINA SHE WAS PLAYING WITH FIRE - BUT SHE HAD TO FIND OUT FOR HERSELF!

"FOR HOURS THE WAGON CREAKED OVER AN OLD, LITTLE USED ROAD..."

THAT GAL'S ONLY GONNA BE IN THE WAY, BILL!

NAW! SHE'LL MARRY ME ALL RIGHT! SHE'LL MAKE A GOOD COVER UP FOR US!

"AND AS I RODE IN THE REAR, I WAS THINKING FOOLISH THINGS..."

PERHAPS BILL IS SINCERE EVEN THOUGH HE'S TAKEN THIS MEANS TO TRY TO SHOW ME HOW MUCH HE CARES! WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?

"PRINTED ON THE BAG WERE TWO WORDS! HILLSIDE BANK!"

THE STOLEN MONEY - AND BILL'S HAD A PART IN THE HOLDUP!

"LATER, WE STOPPED..."

C'MON, NINA...A LITTLE GRUB MIGHT MAKE YOU SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY!

NINA, PLEASE! I ADMIT I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU AND MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE CARRIED YOU OFF THE WAY I DID...

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT PART OF IT, BILL – YOU'RE WILD RECKLESS... BUT *THIS!* YOU'RE A CRIMINAL!

NO, NINA – LISTEN TO ME...THEY MADE ME DO IT! THEY WOULDN'T LET ME EARN AN HONEST LIVING...

SAVE YOUR GROWLING AND APOLOGIES FOR THE SHERIFF, BILL DESMOND!

WAIT, NINA– I--WHY, YOU LITTLE WILD CAT – I'LL TAME YOU!

"I RAN CRAZILY, TRAPPED MYSELF IN A BOX CANYON..."

"THEN I COULD HEAR HIM CALLING ME, COULD HEAR HIS FEET POUNDING CLOSER..."

"HE GRIPPED ME TIGHT NOW, LED ME BACK TOWARD THE CAMP..."

I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO, NINA – NOT NOW, ESPECIALLY. YOU KNOW TOO MUCH – HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

"HORSES' HOOVES WERE BEATING UP THE SLOPE — AND SUDDENLY TOM HENDERSON WAS THERE..."

DROP HER, BILL!

BETTER BE PREPARED TO BACK THOSE WORDS UP, FRIEND!

"THE MOUNTAIN DUST SWIRLED ABOUT THEIR MOVING FIGURES, TOM TRIPPED OVER A ROCK, I THOUGHT BILL WAS LETTING HIM UP, BUT..."

I'LL KILL YOU!

"A MURDERER TOO! THE MADNESS HAD HIM — NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM NOW — NOTHING, EXCEPT..."

I'VE GOT TO SAVE TOM...THIS ROCK!

"THEN I HURLED IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT..."

OOHH!

"THE SAFETY OF TOM HENDERSON'S PROTECTING ARMS WENT AROUND ME THEN, AND HIS VOICE WAS TELLING ME EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT..."

"AND I KNEW, AS WE RODE IN THE DYING SUN, THAT WAS WHAT I WANTED — FOREVER!"

THE END

A DREAM goes WEST

IN HER DREAMS **KATHY BENNETT** SAW THE RANCH...IT'S LEVEL PRAIRIE LAND STRETCHING AWAY TO THE ROLLING HILLS, AND QUIET CATTLE GRAZING...KATHY KNEW EACH DETAIL OF THE DREAM RANCH...BECAUSE EVERY LETTER FROM NAN DESCRIBED THE WONDERFUL LIFE SO PERFECTLY! AND NOW SHE WAS ACTUALLY GOING THERE...

I CAN HARDLY WAIT! IT WAS SO WONDERFUL OF DAVE TO ASK ME TO COME...

AS SHE NEARED THE WESTERN HOME OF HER OLD FRIEND, NAN WHITAKER, AND NAN'S HUSBAND, DAVE, KATHY'S EXCITEMENT MOUNTED...

WHITAKER PLACE IS RIGHT 'ROUND THE BEND! YOU NEVER SEEN IT, HUH?

BUT I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT'S LIKE! I WANT TO SEE IT ALL AT ONCE!

KATHY UNCOVERED HER EYES... AND SAW IT...

BUT..BUT THIS OLD PLACE... CAN'T BE THE WHITAKER RANCH! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE!

THIS IS IT, SURE ENOUGH, MA'AM... DAVE WHITAKER AIN'T HAD MUCH LUCK! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONE MADE THE MISTAKE...

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NAN TOLD ME THE RANCH WAS SO BEAUTI-FUL!

HUH! SORRIEST RANCH IN THESE PARTS! DAVE WHITAKER ALLUS TRIED TO DO TOO MUCH WITH IT! GEE-UP, THERE!

THEN SHE SAW DAVE WHITAKER! BUT HOW DIFFERENT...HOW DRAWN AND TENSE HE LOOKED...

I'M TELLIN' YOU, WHITAKER...IT DON'T DO YOU NO GOOD TO MESS WITH ME!

AND I'M TELLIN' YOU, BENTON... GIT OFF MY LAND!

ONE OF THE MEN SUDDENLY DRAWS...

NO, CAL! NO GUNPLAY!

DRAW ON ME, HUH... YOU MANGY...

OOOHHH!

KATHY! I...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!

Y-YES, DAVE...B-BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING!

I'M SORRY THAT THIS HAPPENED...BUT NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT!

WE'RE LEAVIN' WHITAKER...BUT WE'LL BE BACK!

NOT WHILE I'M HERE YOU WON'T COME BACK! THIS IS STILL MY PLACE, BENTON...SO GIT YOUR HIRED DRYGULCHER OFF IT!

YOU TALK BIG, WHITAKER ...BUT I AIM TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR THAT BIG TALK...SOON!

KATHY FOLLOWED DAVE TO THE CRUMBLING RANCH HOUSE AS FRIGHTENING QUESTIONS HAMMERED IN HER BRAIN... WHERE WAS THE DREAM RANCH NAN HAD WRITTEN ABOUT? WHAT WAS THE MAN CALLED BENTON TRYING TO DO TO DAVE?

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE RANCHHOUSE PATIO...

YOU'RE HURTING ME, JUANITA! BE MORE CAREFUL!

NAN!

WHY IT CAN'T BE... KATHY BENNETT!

BUT THIS IS SUCH A SURPRISE! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, KATHY?

WHY I CAME WHEN DAVE WROTE...INVITING ME! DIDN'T YOU...

DAVE DIDN'T TELL ME... I'D HAVE BEEN READY FOR YOU! THINGS ARE IN SUCH A MESS! COULDN'T YOU HAVE DONE SOMETHING RIGHT JUST THIS ONCE, HUSBAND DEAR?

WHEN I TALKED ABOUT INVITING KATHY, YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T WANT...

AS KATHY TRIED TO COMFORT NAN A COWBOY RODE UP TO DAVE, SPOKE TO HIM IN HURRIED TONES...

I KNOW THIS ISN'T WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT IN MY LETTERS ...IT'S ALL DAVE'S FAULT... IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, NAN, I UNDERSTAND!

NAN WILL SHOW YOU YOUR ROOM, KATHY! I HAVE TO GO..:SOME CATTLE WANDERED OFF INTO THE CANYON ... GUESS I'M RAISIN' TOO MUCH HERD WITH NOT ENOUGH MEN!

GO ON! GO ON! IF THERE WAS A SPARK OF GUMPTION IN YOU, THESE THINGS WOULDN'T HAPPEN!

I'M SORRY, NAN...JUST CAN'T SEEM TO DO NOTHIN' RIGHT, I RECKON...

NIGHT CAME...BUT THERE WAS NO SLEEP FOR KATHY! SHE WALKED IN THE MOONLIT PATIO, WONDERING...

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO NAN? I REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST SAW HER...

"HER FATHER WAS THE NEW DOCTOR IN TOWN...EVEN THEN SHE SEEMED SO PROUD!

I'D LIKE YOU KIDS TO MEET MY DAUGHTER, NAN!

DO WE HAVE TO STOP NOW?

"NAN NEVER SEEMED TO LIKE ANY OF THE BOYS AROUND TOWN...

YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO MEAN TO JAKE, NAN...HE LIKES YOU!

AS IF I COULD EVER BE INTERESTED! WHY, HE'S NOTHING BUT A COMMON COWPOKE!

LOON

"EVEN AFTER SHE CAME TO LIVE WITH ME... THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING BETWEEN US..."

DADDY'S DEAD...AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME BUT TO GET OLD AND DIE IN THIS HORRIBLE OLD TOWN...

NAN, PLEASE ...I WANT YOU TO COME AND LIVE WITH ME

RIP

WHAT'S THAT? THERE'S SOMEBODY THERE...TWO PEOPLE...

"IT WAS BENTON...THE MAN SHE HAD SEEN THERE THAT AFTERNOON. HE WAS WITH A WOMAN...

THAT DUMB CRITTER DAVE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, HONEY...

THEN IT WILL BE YOU AND ME! WON'T IT, RUSH?

THE WOMAN WAS NAN!"

IT SURE WILL, HONEY ...IT SURE WILL!

EARLY NEXT MORNING DAVE ASKED KATHY TO RIDE WITH HIM AROUND THE BARE, SUN-SCORCHED RANCH! NAN WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN...

CATTLE ARE POOR THIS YEAR! GRASS IS BAD... IRRIGATION DITCHES DYIN' OUT...

KATHY KNEW SHE COULD NOT SPEAK OF WHAT SHE HAD SEEN BY THE CORRAL FENCE...BUT THE SORDID REALITY OF IT FILLED HER MIND!

IT MUST BE HARD.. RUNNING A PLACE LIKE THIS!

OH, I'VE HAD SOME TOUGH LUCK...BUT NAN'S RIGHT! I SHOULD BE DOIN' BETTER! THIS COULD BE A GOOD RANGE!

OH LOOK! THAT COW IS DOWN! AND HER CALF IS CRYING!

I'VE GOT TO GIVE THE POOR CRITTER A HAND!

AS SHE WATCHED DAVE'S STRONG, GENTLE HANDS COMFORTING THE FRIGHTENED CALF, KATHY FELT A STRANGE YET FAMILIAR THRILL...SHE REMEMBERED DAVE AS SHE HAD FIRST SEEN HIM...

TAKE IT EASY FELLA... YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT!

WHEN THE RODEO CAME TO TOWN...

THE WINNER OF THE RACE SADDLE IS.. DAVE WHITAKER!

'SCUSE ME, GIRLS ...GOT TO GO UP ON THE STAND..

DEO

THAT NIGHT, AT A PARTY, THEY HAD PLAYED KISSING GAMES...BUT WHEN KATHY HAD FELT DAVE'S LIPS ON HERS...IT SEEMED MORE THAN A GAME...

HEY! WHERE'S KATHY AND THAT RODEO RIDER?

THEN, AS IF HE HAD READ HER THOUGHTS...DAVE SPOKE...

REMEMBER THAT PARTY...AFTER THE RODEO? 'COURSE I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...I KNEW YOU WERE ALREADY ENGAGED...

ENGAGED? WHY WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT, DAVE?

NAN TOLD ME ABOUT IT... BUT I NEVER KNEW WHO YOU WERE ENGAGED TO...

OH...NAN TOLD YOU...

THAT EXPLAINED IT...WHY DAVE HAD STOPPED SEEING HER SO SUDDENLY...AND HAD STARTED SEEING NAN...

GOING OUT WITH DAVE AGAIN TONIGHT?

I SURE AM! AND I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET, KATHY...HE DOESN'T KNOW IT YET...BUT DAVE'S THE MAN I'M GOING TO MARRY. HE'S NOT LIKE THE OTHERS AROUND HERE... HE'S GOING PLACES!

ONCE AGAIN DAVE'S GENTLY DRAWLING VOICE BROUGHT KATHY BACK TO THE PRESENT...

I RECKON YOU WONDER WHY I ASKED YOU HERE WITHOUT TELLIN' NAN ABOUT IT...

I THINK I KNOW, DAVE...YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU!

YEAH, KATHY...YOU'RE NAN'S FRIEND! I WONDER IF YOU COULD TALK TO HER...MAKE HER SEE MY SIDE OF THINGS!

NAN...HAS ALWAYS BEEN AMBITIOUS, DAVE!

BUT YOU GOT TO CONVINCE HER THAT IT TAKES TIME TO MAKE A BIG STAKE HERE IN THE WEST! NAN KEEPS WANTIN' ME TO EXPAND THE RANGE...SHE TALKS ABOUT ME BEIN' THE BIGGEST OWNER IN THESE PARTS!

I SEE! BUT ONE THING I DON'T SEE, DAVE.. THOSE MEN YESTERDAY... WHAT DO THEY WANT?

THAT WAS RUSH BENTON...BIG SHEEP MAN...HE'D LIKE TO RUN ME OUT...BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW... NAN WAS KISSING RUSH BENTON LAST NIGHT!

WELL! THAT WAS A MIGHTY LONG RIDE YOU TWO TOOK!

HAD TO GENTLE A CALF AND BRING HIM BACK HERE!

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THAT. WELL... ANYWAY...HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU! A RIDER BROUGHT IT!

LET ME SEE IT...

THEY WANT ME TO COME DOWN TO TOWN... BIG POKER GAME AT THE FARGO SALOON... DON'T KNOW THAT I OUGHTA... IF I LOSE...

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU...YOU'VE GOT TO GAMBLE A LITTLE IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET THE MONEY WE NEED! OF COURSE IF YOU'RE AFRAID...

ALL RIGHT...I'M GOIN'! I AIN'T AFRAID, NAN...I JUST WONDER, SOMETIMES, THAT'S ALL...

YOU CAN FINISH COMING MY HAIR NOW, JUANITA...

AN HOUR LATER, KATHY HEARD A VOICE...SHE LOOKED FROM HER WINDOW...TO SEE NAN BECKONING RUSH BENTON TOWARD THE RANCHHOUSE!

NAN CAN'T BE AS BAD AS THIS LOOKS! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THIS RUSH BENTON IS!

NAN...THIS MAN BENTON ...YOU DON'T KNOW...

I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM. THAT DREAM RANCH I USED TO WRITE YOU ABOUT...DAVE CAN'T GIVE IT TO ME...BUT RUSH BENTON CAN! SO RUSH BENTON IS MY MAN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

THAT DONKEY OF A HUSBAND GONE, NAN HONEY?

HE'S GONE! EVERYTHING'S READY.

DAVE'S GOIN' TO BE PLUMB FLABBERGASTED WHEN HE COMES BACK TO FIND HIS STOCK STAMPEDED...AND HIS WIFE WEARIN' MY BRAND!

DAVE... I'VE GOT TO WARN HIM!

I'VE GOT TO RIDE AND TELL DAVE...BUT WHERE CAN I FIND A HORSE?

AND SUDDENLY THE COOK, JUANITA, APPEARED...AS IF IN ANSWER TO KATHY'S WORDLESS PLEA...

THE SEÑORA ....SHE IS BAD WOMAN. YOU RIDE...TELL SEÑOR WHITAKER...NO?

YES, JUANITA ...I'LL TELL HIM!

GRACIAS... AND BUENA FORTUNA

IF ONLY THEY DON'T SEE ME...AND I CAN FIND THE FARGO SALOON...

MEANWHILE..IN THE FARGO SALOON...

MOST LUCK YOU HAD IN A LONG TIME, AIN'T IT, WHITAKER?

I'M MUCH OBLIGED FOR YOUR INTEREST, VOILER...BUT JUST DEAL THE CARDS!

SUDDENLY...

DAVE...YOU MUST COME...BENTON IS AT THE RANCH! HE'S GOING TO STAMPEDE THE CATTLE!

SO THIS WAS A TRICK, HUH?

OHHHH!

SHOULDN'T HAVE DRAWN ON ME, VOILER! YOU KIN PUSH A PEACEABLE MAN JUST SO FAR!

COME ON, KATHY! I STILL GOT A CHANCE! IT'LL TAKE BENTON A LITTLE WHILE TO FIND WHERE I GOT THEM CATTLE!

HE DOESN'T REALIZE..THAT NAN IS HELPING BENTON!

BUT AS THEY REACHED THE RANCH..

TARNATION! BENTON'S ALREADY GOT TO MY HERD!

WE'RE RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE STAMPEDE!

IF I CAN TURN THE STAMPEDE...THEY'LL RUN THEMSELVES OUT WITHOUT ANY HARM! OTHERWISE... THEY'LL GO OVER THE CLIFF!

OH! I'M FALLING!

KATHY WAS TOPPLING TOWARD DEATH BENEATH A THOUSAND FLYING HOOFS... BUT THEN SHE FELT DAVE'S STRONG ARM AROUND HER!

HANG ON...AND SWING UP HERE WITH ME!

IF SOMETHIN' HAD HAPPENED TO YOU ...I DUNNO WHAT I'D HAVE DONE!

DAVE! IT WORKED! THE CATTLE ARE TURNING!

A COUPLE OF MILES AWAY...

OUR WORRIES ARE OVER! THE CATTLE WILL GO OVER THE CLIFF...DAVE WILL BE FINISHED... AND YOU AND I, RUSH...

WAIT A MINUTE... THAT NOISE... THE CATTLE... THEY TURNED BACK ON US! WE GOT TO RIDE!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE...THE CATTLE ARE UPON THEM...

CAN'T MAKE... IT...

AIIIEEAAH!

OH... NO...

BETTER NOT LOOK, KATHY! NAN ALWAYS SAID SHE'D LEAVE ME FOR A MORE AMBITIOUS MAN...BUT I RECKON THIS TIME SHE GOT ONE THAT WAS TOO AMBITIOUS!

IF ONLY THING'S COULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

KATHY...MAYBE IT AIN'T...TOO LATE FOR US!

AND A VOICE ECHOED IN KATHY'S HEART.. "IT'S NOT TOO LATE...FOR IT'S ME DAVE'S ALWAY LOVED"!

THE END

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Zanzibar

LONG before the time of Columbus, Zanzibar consisted of Arab trading settlements extending along the entire eastern coast of Africa from Somaliland to Mozambique. These settlements were for the most part inhabited by Mohammedan Arabs who came by ships from India, Persia and other eastern seacoasts.

The existence of these settlements were unknown to the western world until 1498, when Vasco da Gama the Portuguese explorer first sailed around the Cape of Good Hope in his search for the water route to India. Da Gama landed at one of these Arab trading towns at a point in what is now Mozambique. He learned that gold was obtained from the interior and it was not long before he returned with a fleet and drove the Arabs out of the settlements. This was the first portion of the Zanzibar territory to fall to western invaders.

Stamps of Zanzibar have a somewhat magic appeal to stamp collectors for the name alone "gets" them. Not only are these stamps in demand because they are scarce and valuable, but also because in most stamp albums Zanzibar occupies the last pages and collectors wish to have some stamps on them.

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You Can Be a Bombshell In Any Tough Spot!

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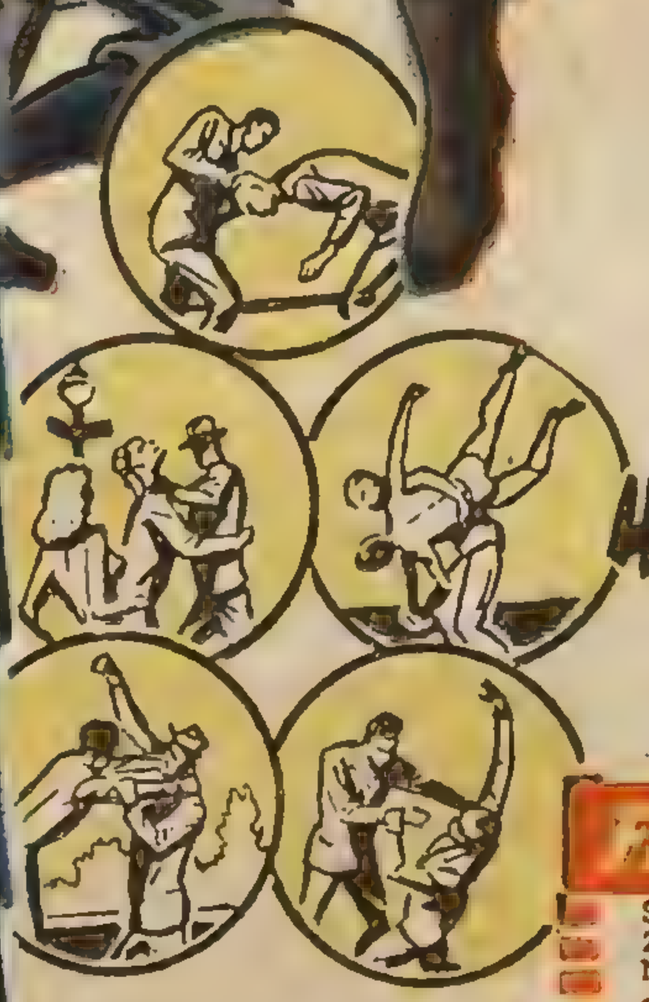

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THE MIRROR

ED MILLER shoved Clay Corbin's heavy poke into the big Wells Fargo Express safe, swung the steel door shut, and shuffled back to the counter.

"Mighty fine diggin's you've got, Mr. Corbin," he said politely. "Reckon it won't be long till you'll send for the missus and the little girl, eh?"

"A couple more hauls like this, Ed," he said, "an' I'll be wirin' 'em to come."

Corbin left the office and sauntered along the sun-scorched street of Gold Gulch.

Outside a mob of people had gathered into a shouting and yelling cluster.

Corbin glanced at them in startled surprise. Apparently he had just missed quite a bit of excitement. He spotted Doc Storeman and sauntered over. "What's the trouble, Doc?"

"Plenty, Clay. Come into my office," he said, "I got somethin' to show you."

In the office Corbin saw a man sprawled out on a long pine table. He was Steve Martin, marshal of Gold Gulch. He was dead.

"That," Doc Storeman said harshly, his stubby finger pointing shakingly at the dead marshal, "was the cause of all the fuss outside. Squint Farrow killed Steve and then we made it a little hot for him."

Suddenly the little office filled with men—sober men with hardened faces.

A plump little man stepped forward, mopped his face with a red bandana and swore heavily. He was Nate Newcomer, the mayor.

"This," he said, looking at the dead man, "is a monument to mangled justice."

"The man who killed the Gold Coast Kid," Doc said flatly, "should be able to take care of Farrow. Why don't you appoint him marshal?"

Corbin felt the cold sweat creeping down his face.

"Doc's right," Nate said slowly. "Clay, you're the best gunman in Gold Gulch."

Corbin tried to find his voice. He wanted to tell these men that his reputation as a gunman was the result of a trick of fate. The words just wouldn't come.

Corbin left the Doc's office with Nate Newcomer. They walked over to the mayor's hardware and furniture store.

"Nate," Corbin said to the plump little mayor. "I reckon you ought to have picked another man for the job of marshal. I really don't have anytime for the job. I've got to keep workin' my claim an' get my family out here."

"I've been thinkin' about that," Nate said. "I'm goin' to appoint you a deputy to sort of keep an eye on things an' you can go right ahead with your minin'."

"Don't you worry none, Clay," the mayor said, "c'mon over here a minute, I've got somethin' to show you."

Nate stopped before a gleaming walnut bedroom suite.

"What do you think of this?" he asked proudly.

"Looks like Gold Gulch is gettin' civilized fast."

* * *

A day later, he learned that his deputy was Old Guy Higgins. His heart sank. Higgins was a nice old fellow but he wasn't a gunman.

Corbin walked past Nate Newcomer's store. The walnut bedroom suite stood in the front window, looking out of place with the ordinary furniture about it.

Mary would go for an outfit like that. Corbin knew, feeling his heart beat faster just thinking of her.

As he turned from the window, Old Guy Higgins came puffing around a bend in the crooked street.

"Mr. Corbin," the deputy wheezed, "am I glad to see you! Fanner Farrow is in town, lookin' fer you."

"Who's he?" Corbin asked.

"Squint Farrow's brother. Fanner says no man can run his brother out'a town without answerin' to him."

Corbin felt his stomach muscles crawl. His

eyes gazed at Nate Newcomer's window. The walnut bedroom outfit gleamed in the sun. The furniture Mary would love! He reckoned that he might never see Mary and the kid again.

Then he remembered how he'd been able to out-gun the Gold Coast Kid, and a sudden hope swept over him. At least, there might be a chance if——

"Where is this Fanner Farow?" he asked.

"In Brook's Emporium," the deputy answered.

"Guy," Corbin said, if Farrow is lookin' for me, I'll be waitin' for him right here on the porch of Nate Newcomer's store. I reckon I can spare him fifteen minutes of my time—but no more."

Nate Newcomer looked over the rims of his glasses at the stocky, wide-shouldered miner as he entered.

"I saw Guy talkin' to you," he said. "I reckon he told you about Fanner bein' in town."

"He mentioned that," Corbin answered.

"Clay, this Fanner's fast," the mayor hurried on. "Faster than the Gold Coast Kid. You think you can——"

"This bedroom outfit," Corbin cut in, walking to the front window, "still for sale."

"Sure. Look, Clay, this Fanner is——"

"My wife would like this," Corbin said. He ran his brown, calloused fingers over the shiny surface of the dresser. He tilted the big plate glass mirror back and forth. A thin smile never left his lips.

"Let you know about the bedroom outfit right soon." Corbin said "Maybe in twenty minutes or so."

He went outside and leaned a blocky shoulder against a porch post. The sun was well toward the West, burning against his face.

Across the street and to the left stood the Emporium. A thin, tall man stepped through the batwing. That made two men in the street—Clay Corbin and this man. Corbin loosened his six-gun, knowing he was looking at Fanner Farrow.

At a time like this, a man can do a lot of thinking with one corner of his mind and not miss a thing that is happening in front of his eyes. Corbin remembered the day when the Gold Coast Kid had tried to hold him up.

At first, Corbin had not been able to understand what had kept the Kid from firing. But now he knew. When the Kid leaped forward, turning slightly to avoid a hole in the trail, he got the sun straight into his eyes. For a blinding three seconds he hadn't been able to see a thing. In those three seconds, Corbin had aimed and fired. That little trick of fate had given Corbin a false rep.

When Farrow reached the middle of the street, Corbin straightened, taking his weight from the porch post. He took a deep breath and held it.

Farrow's eyes met Corbin's. The thin gunman took two more slow steps and stopped abruptly. A queer expression came over his face. He lifted his left arm, and clawed with his right hand for his gun.

The gun came up, but for some reason he didn't bring his left hand down to fan the hammer. He cursed and staggered back a step.

Corbin brought up his own gun awkwardly. He fired before he was ready and knew he'd missed. Fanner's gun flamed rapidly, but the slugs ripped wildly into the floor of the porch. Corbin aimed carefully and fired again. The thin gunman caught at his chest, went down. He didn't get up.

Old Guy Higgins poked his grizzled head out of a doorway. "That did it, Mr. Corbin!" he gloated.

"Look after the body, Guy," he said.

Halfway across the street, a blinding glare from Nate Newcomer's store window struck Guy full in the face. He closed his eyes against it and stumbled on.

Corbin turned into the store and grinned at the goggled-eyed mayor.

"You did it!" Nate wheezed. "You got him——"

Slowly he tilted the big mirror back and forth, sending the reflected sunlight up and down the crooked street.

It was the reflection of this mirror that had blinded Fanner Farrow, making him lose the fight.

"It's mighty pretty," Corbin added thoughtfully. "Mary's sure goin' to like it."

THE END

The NO-GIRL of Stampede Valley

"I AM WAITING FOR JULIE...WAITING WITH MY HEART IN THROAT TO SEE JULIE CURTIS FOR THE LAST TIME...AND MAYBE THAT'S WHY MEMORIES OF THE OTHER TIMES ARE COMING TO LIFE BEFORE MY EYES..."

"...LIKE THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER, THAT NIGHT AT NESTERVILLE..."

THIS'LL BE THE FIRST TIME YOU BEEN ON A CASE AS MY DEPUTY, HUH, LUKE?

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF... GUESS THERE AIN'T MUCH DOUBT THAT THIS SQUATTER RUN OFF THOSE CATTLE, IS THERE?

THAT'S RIGHT...HE... HEY! HOLD ON, MISS JULIE! WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO WITH THAT GUN?

I AIM TO KEEP YOU FROM TAKING A POOR MAN AWAY FROM HIS FAMILY AND DRAGGING HIM OFF TO JAIL!

NOW LOOK, MISS, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT I RECKON YOU KNOW THIS SQUATTER RAN OFF ALEC BRODY'S CATTLE!

IF HE DID, IT WAS TO FEED A STARVING CHILD! AND IF YOU TAKE HIM...YOU - TAKE ME, TOO!

YO'RE HELPIN' A MAN THAT AIN'T WORTH YORE TROUBLE, MISS JULIE...BUT I RECKON WE WON'T TANGLE WITH YOU RIGHT NOW!

BUT SHERIFF...IF WE MAKE TRACKS NOW, THAT SQUATTER'LL HAVE TIME TO GET CLEAN AWAY!

SHORE HE'LL GET AWAY... BUT HE AIN'T DANGEROUS... JUST NO 'COUNT.' AND IF JULIE CURTIS IS IN ON HIS SIDE I DON'T AIM TO MESS IN IT.'

SO THAT'S HER NAME ...JULIE CURTIS. WHO IS SHE, SHERIFF?

EASY TO TELL YOU AIN'T BEEN AROUND LONG, SON.' JULIE'S A GIRL WHO JEST SEEMS TO BE HELPIN' THE UNDERDOG ALL THE TIME.' GOT A HEART AS BIG AS THE WHOLE RANGE.'

YEAH... WELL I DON'T COTTON TO HELPFUL WOMEN.' I AIN'T THE UNDERDOG KIND MY-SELF.' BUT STILL... SHE'S A MIGHTY PRETTY GIRL...

"..IT WAS AT A DANCE THAT I SAW HER AGAIN..."

SWING TO THE LEFT... AND PROMENADE DOWN.'

IT'S THE LADY WITH THE GUN, ISN'T IT? I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU, MA'AM.'

"..HER GAY LAUGHING FACE WAS DIF-FERENT FROM THE GRIM MASK I'D SEEN THAT NIGHT AT NESTERVILLE... BUT IT STILL HAD THAT PALE WILD BEAUTY..."

I AIN'T BEEN AROUND LONG...BUT I HAD SOME EXPERIENCE AS A LAW MAN UP WYOMING WAY. RECKON THAT'S WHY THE SHERIFF'S PICKED ME...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, LUKE.'

RECKON A MAN CAN GET ALONG ANY-PLACE... IF HE STANDS ON HIS OWN TWO FEET... AND DON'T ASK ANYBODY FOR HELP.'

NO ONE CAN BE PERFECT, LUKE... EVERYONE NEEDS SOMEONE ELSE... SOMETIME...

B'LIEVE I'LL HAVE THIS DANCE WITH YOU, MISS JULIE.'

LET GO OF ME, ART HOBBS.'

YOU HEARD THE LADY, HOBBS.' NOW CLEAR ON OUT O' HERE.'

I'LL CLEAR OUT WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT, DEPPITY.'

I SAID... RIGHT NOW!

RECKON I HANDLED THAT LOUDMOUTH CRITTER FOR YOU, MISS JULIE!

YES, YOU'RE SO STRONG AND SELF-RELIANT! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD SWOON IN YOUR ARMS!

THERE'S NO CALL TO BE MAD AT ME! I CAINT FIGURE YOU OUT, JULIE...

WHY SHOULD YOU TRY? YOU'RE BIG AND STRONG AND PROBABLY QUICK WITH A GUN! YOU DON'T NEED ME ...OR ANYBODY!

"...I KNEW THAT I LOVED HER...AND I TRIED ALL THE HARDER TO MAKE HER LOVE ME..."

LET ME HAVE A TRY AT THAT CRITTER, OLD TIMER! I'LL GENTLE HIM FOR YOU!

CAN'T ANYBODY RIDE THIS HORSE NOW, DEPPITY! BETTER NOT TRY!

"...IT WAS AN UNTAMED WILD STALLION BEING LED IN FOR AUCTION...I SAW JULIE WATCHING...IT WAS MY CHANCE TO SHOW HER..."

I'LL RIDE HIM! WHOA, EASY BOY!

I'LL TRY AND GIVE YOU A HAND...

I CAN HANDLE IT MYSELF! STAND OUT OF THE WAY!

"IN A FEW MINUTES IT WAS ALL OVER! THE HORSE WAS BROKEN...BUT JULIE WAS STILL WILD AND UNTAMED!"

NEVER SEEN THE BEAT OF IT! AIN'T ANOTHER MAN IN THESE PARTS COULD RIDE THAT CAYUSE!

YOU STILL DON'T NEED ANYONE'S HELP, DO YOU, LUKE HANLEY? YOU CAN STILL DO IT... ALL BY YOURSELF!

"...I SAW HER NOW AND THEN... TALKED TO HER...BUT IT WAS NEVER ANY USE..."

JULIE...YOU CAN'T HATE A MAN FOR STANDING ON HIS OWN TWO FEET...

DEPPITY HANLEY! JACKIE GAYDEN AND HIS BOYS ARE SHOOTIN' UP THE EMERALD PALACE!

"JACKIE GAYDEN...AN OUTLAW WHOSE NAME HAD BEEN TERRIFYING THAT PART OF THE SOUTHWEST! IT WAS THE CHANCE I'D BEEN WAITING FOR..."

I'LL GIT SOME MEN TO HELP...

GET OUT OF MY WAY! I'LL TAKE GAYDEN ALONE!

DROP IT, JACKIE, I'M TAKING YOU IN!

LOOKIT THE DEPPITY! PLAYIN' BRAVE BOY! LET'S MAKE HIM DANCE A LITTLE!

EMERALD SALOON

"MY SHOTS BROUGHT TWO OF THEM DOWN... BUT GAYDEN GOT ME IN THE SHOULDER..."

UUHHHH!

"GAYDEN AND I WERE BOTH DOWN...WE CREPT TOWARD ONE SIX-GUN, STILL LOADED...AND THEN I SAW JULIE..."

JULIE... HELP ME...

"I COULD HAVE BEATEN GAYDEN TO THAT GUN...COULD HAVE HANDLED IT MYSELF...BUT I HAD ASKED JULIE FOR HELP..."

HERE LUKE...

IT'S ALL OVER, JACKIE! STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU'RE AT!

THANKS, JULIE... I NEEDED YOU THEN...

LUKE...DARLING... THAT'S ALL I EVER WANTED! FOR YOU TO NEED ME A LITTLE... THAT'S ALL...

"YES...I AM SEEING JULIE CURTIS FOR THE LAST TIME...BECAUSE IN A FEW MOMENTS SHE'LL BE... JULIE HANLEY!"

THE END

Dear Mary

"WELL, MARY, HERE I AM," HE WROTE. "THE ROLLING STONE COWBOY YOU WOULDN'T HAVE FOR A HUSBAND HAS LIT DOWN IN A GOOD COUNTRY — ARIZONA.' WEATHER IS FINE, AND SO IS YOURS TRULY —

Jim Rigg

MARCH 10... "MADE ME SOME FRIENDS, AND AM HUNTING WORK..."

APRIL 3..."MET A GIRL LAST WEEK BY ACCIDENT—"

APRIL 20... "THE LAZY-B IS A GOOD SPREAD...THIS ANNA BOLTON'S UNCLE RUNS IT..."

MAY 13.. "WELL, MARY, TROUBLE AGAIN...I HAD SOME WORDS WITH OLD MAN BOLTON—"

AND THAT'S THE LAST I HEARD FROM JIM...

BUT SIX MONTHS LATER A PACKAGE CAME WITH A FADED PHOTO AND SOME TATTERED CLIPPINGS...

FROM THE BISBEE STAR: "HOLDUP GANG ROBS SHRUB OAK STAGE..."

FROM THE SANTA CRUZ ARGUS: "BANDITS FLEE SHERIFF'S POSSE..."

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE

DON'T WORRY, ANNIE...THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW...I'M GOING STRAIGHT...JUST TRUST ME, GIRL!

FROM THE MESQUITE ITEM: "GAMBLER KILLED IN BRAWL"

FROM THE NOGALES NEWS! "VIGILANTES NAB MOUNTAIN BADMAN..."

BUT HE LOVED YOU TO THE END, GAL... LAST WORD HE SAID WAS— MARY...

"SO TAKE HIS TOKENS," ANNA BOLTON WROTE..."TAKE YOUR PICTURE I NEVER KNEW HE CARRIED... HE'S NOTHING BUT A MEMORY NOW...AND MAYBE YOUR HEART HAS A PLACE TO KEEP IT..."

THE END

Stars Fell on ARIZONA

"ALL MY LIFE I HAD LIVED ON THE LONELY CIRCLE B...AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER I'D PLAYED ACTRESS, WITH TUMBLE WEEDS AND SAGE-BRUSH FOR MY AUDIENCE— AND WITH TOM HARTLEY THE WESTERN STAR, FOR MY LEADING MAN..."

"IMAGINE MY EXCITEMENT WHEN HE CAME TO OUR RANCH FOR LOCATION SHOTS!!"

"MY DREAM MAN— AND I'D ACTUALLY SEE HIM— NOW...!

I HOPE HE LIKES THIS SILLY COSTUME!

WE'LL HAVE A RETAKE ON NUMBER FOUR, JOE! CALL HARTLEY!

HERE HE COMES— BUT THOSE MEN... WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

"SWIFT INTUITION WARNED ME SOMETHING WAS WRONG..."

"BUT MY THROAT AND TONGUE WERE PARALYZED..."

"EVEN AS I JUMPED, I COULD SEE HIM THANKING ME, KISSING MY HAND, PERHAPS..."

"BUT.."

DUMB FEMALE — WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM...A RUNAWAY DOGIE, OR SOMETHING?

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MYSELF — AND JUST STOOD THERE BLUSHING FURIOUSLY..."

BAR

SALOON

"SO MY FIRST MEETING WITH MY IDOL HAD FLOPPED — BUT AT LEAST I WAS STILL NEAR HIM..."

"LATER, IVAN PETROFF, THE DIRECTOR WAS ISSUING A CALL FOR ACTORS ON STAGE .."

NEXT WILL BE THE STAGECOACH SEQUENCE — AND I WANT IT REALISTIC!

TAKE YOUR PLACES NOW, AND MAKE IT GOOD WHEN THE CAMERAS START ROLLING!

"I DRIFTED OFF, AFTER THAT - FEELING FORLORN AND OUT OF PLACE..."

"A FEW MINUTES LATER, BEHIND A 'WILD WALL', I HEARD VOICES..."

HARTLEY'S CONTRACT MUST BE BROKEN - AND I'M NOT TO BE INVOLVED, UNDERSTAND?

SURE! IF HE DOESN'T MAKE THIS PICTURE HE GETS CANNED...

SO, WE'LL PUT THE SNATCH ON HIM - HOLD 'IM AT SNAKE CAVE FOR A WEEK OR TWO, CLINT!

"THREE VOICES, BUT I'D SEEN ONLY TWO OF THEM...MY HEART POUNDED AS I RAN..."

MISTER PETROFF - SOMEONE'S GOING TO KIDNAP TOM HARTLEY IN THE NEXT SCENE - I OVERHEARD THEM!

"HE LOOKED AT ME STRANGELY, AND THE NEXT MOMENT..."

SET 22

"DIMLY I WAS AWARE OF BEING CARRIED..."

"THEN I WAS THROWN INTO A CORRAL..."

"MEANWHILE, THE STAGECOACH SEQUENCE WAS IN PROGRESS..."

HERE THEY COME, BART- LET'S GO!

WE'LL OVERTAKE HIM AT THE SHARP TURN!

HOW WE DOIN', CHARLEY?

GOOD CLOSE-UP, TOM - BUT HERE COMES THE HOLD-UP STUFF!

HEY! PETROFF'S GETTING A LITTLE TOO REALISTIC! THOSE BULLETS ARE REAL!

CUT, BOYS, THE CAMERAS ARE OFF! SEND PETROFF HERE!

"BUT..."

QUICK, BART - I SLUGGED 'IM! BRING UP THE HORSES!

AAH!

COME ON, HURRY BEFORE ANYONE GETS WISE TO OUR DEAL!

"I'D FOUND ALL THAT OUT AFTER I'D COME TO... BUT NOW..."

DOWN, MIDNIGHT - DOWN, I SAY!

"DADDY'S FAVORITE STALLION QUIETED DOWN AT THE SOUND OF MY VOICE..."

"HE NUZZLED AGAINST ME - ALMOST HUMAN..."

"SUDDENLY, I REMEMBERED THE PLOT AGAINST HARTLEY..."

"MY HEART WAS HAMMERING WILDLY AS WE RODE..."

SNAKE CAVE, THEY SAID! GO, BOY!

"IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS LATER, I SPOTTED THEM JUST AHEAD..."

DAME COMIN', CLINT!

BLAST 'ER!

"I SAW THE GLEAMING GUN AND REALIZED I HAD ONLY ONE CHANCE..."

"I DROVE MIDNIGHT INTO THEM — HEADLONG..."

"THE BLACK STALLION BELLOWED AND REARED — WOULD HAVE CRUSHED THEM IF I HADN'T QUIETED HIM..."

NO, WE GIVE UP!

"LATER..."

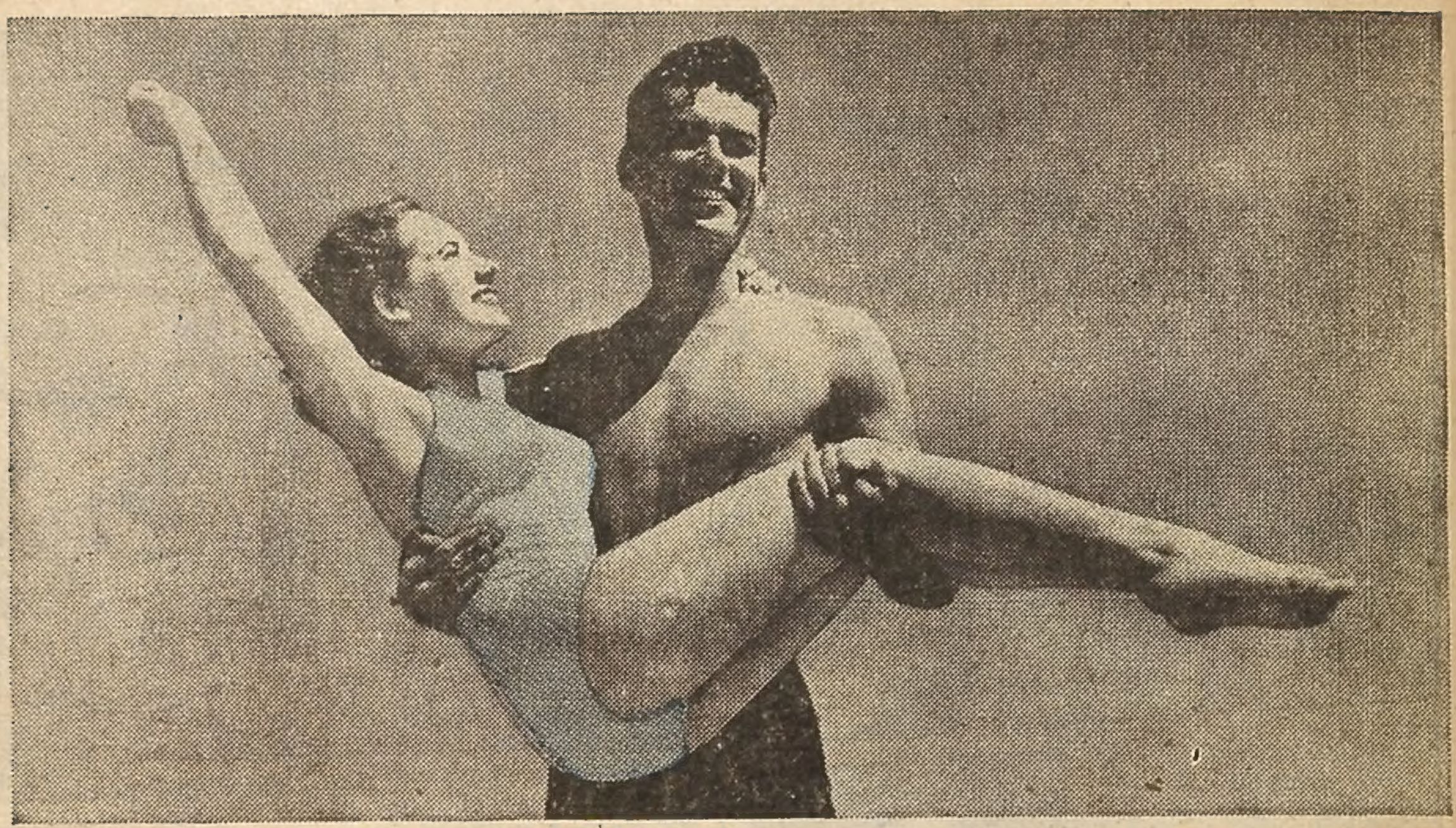
I OWE YOU MY LIFE, MISS — AND SAY... YOU'RE REAL PRETTY, TOO!

THAT'S THE NICEST THING YOU COULD SAY, MR. HARTLEY!

"ALL THE DREAM YEARS ENDED — A KIND WORD FROM MY MOVIE IDOL... AND THEN THE COMPANY WAS GONE AND I WAS ALONE AGAIN..."

"FROM NOW ON IT'LL BE TUMBLE-WEEDS AND SAGEBRUSH! OH, I'M JUST A SILLY KID... BUT SOMEDAY — MAYBE..."

THE END



Skinny Girls Don't Have OOMPH!

It takes those extra lbs. of solid flesh to "bring out" your natural curves

If you're otherwise healthy but skinny, scrawny, rundown and lbs. underweight, try correcting this common mistake in eating.

THERE are three essential substances that many thin, scrawny and undernourished girls may fail to get in sufficient quantity from the food they eat. These substances are Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron. If, like thousands of others, you are underweight without organic cause . . . never seem to gain a pound . . . are so thin that you look gangling and gawky from insufficient amounts of these precious elements, don't get discouraged.

You may find that by correcting this simple mistake in eating you can easily add firm solid flesh . . . extra alluring pounds that help bring out those natural eye-catching curves. A simple and easy way is to try the amazing new product called Numal that supplies, in significant amounts, the Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron needed in the daily diet. Plus a food that in itself is a great help in adding extra pounds.

Take 1 heaping teaspoonful of Numal 3 times a day. It is pleasant, assimilable and easy to take. You will get the equivalent in Vitamin B_1 content of 34 cakes of average moist baker's yeast . . . the iron equivalent of 15 pounds of tomatoes or 1⅔ pounds of spinach or 9 pounds of boiled beets...and the calcium equivalent of ⅘ths pint of fresh cow's milk, the phosphorus content of 1 glass.

Remember, if you don't get a sufficient quantity of Vitamin B_1 in your daily diet, you may suffer loss of appetite. And without sufficient iron, the element that helps build rich red blood, you may be rundown, pale, weak and listless. You need calcium phosphate for sound teeth and sturdy bones.

SKINNY MEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE EITHER

. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give NUMAL a chance to build you up, put firm flesh on you.

Numal Must Please You or No Cost

So if you are skinny, gangling and bony from lack of these precious nutrients, don't wait any longer. Get Numal today. You will want those extra pounds that "bring out" your natural eye-catching curves. Take Numal faithfully for a week. See if you can't actually feel the difference . . . gain weight and better color. If after this short period you honestly don't feel Numal has benefited you, just return the bottle for a complete refund of your money. Numal costs but a few cents a day to use.

If loss of weight persists see your doctor

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NOTE: If you want to save all postal charges enclose $2 check, money order or cash. We will pay all postal charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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"Scram! You SKINNY Scarecrow!

the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

"I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right **NOW!** Mail the Coupon below.

I gained 53 lbs. of MIGHTY MUSCLE

6½ inches on my **CHEST**; 3 inches on each **ARM**. You can do it in 10 minutes a day!" —NewYork

Roger D. Hirsch

YOU CAN WIN THIS 15" TALL SILVER TROPHY AS THEY DID! 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY IS ALL YOU NEED!

ROGER HIRSCH was an 112 lb. 6 ft. weakling LOOK AT HIM NOW!

"They used to call me, 'SKINNY, SKINNY'

But look at me now —an All-American Jowett Champion"—says John Sill, Utah, who like millions, mailed me 10c and a coupon like the one below YOU MAIL NOW!

"NOW, I am a NEW STRONG MAN.

It's wonderful! I never dreamed I could live to have a big **49 inch CHEST!!** powerful **17 inch ARMS!!** a small **32 inch WAIST** the big 17 inch difference between my chest and waist attracts everybody's admiration at the beach."

Felipe Mendoza —CALIFORNIA

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"This is The GREAT CHANGE You made in me in 90 DAYS!

From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN. With ONE hand I can now lift **overhead** a boy weighing 145 pounds. I can bend a 1½ inch IRON BAR around my neck. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity."

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Jobie Jackson Jr.

ARKANSAS

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and TIRED as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN WERE OF BEING SKINNY?

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This may be Your LAST chance to GET AMAZING NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER! All these 5 Picture Packed COURSES on He-Man Building for only 10¢ while supply lasts! MILLIONS have been sold for $1 & more

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me **10 Pleasant Minutes a Day** and I'll give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY** for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch . . . Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .

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I've Made New Men Out of Thousands of Other Fellows . . .

"Here's what I did for THOMAS MANFRE . . . and what I can do for you!"

—Charles Atlas

GIVE me a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN— IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "*Dynamic Tension.*" — And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title of "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?

Always tired?

Nervous?

Lacking in Confidence?

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What to Do About It is told in my free book!

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? . . . How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll realize how fast "*Dynamic Tension*" GETS RESULTS! And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

Atlas Championship Cup won by Thomas Manfre, one of Charles Atlas' pupils.

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

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Sure, I gave Thomas Manfre (shown above) a NEW BODY. But he's just one of thousands. I'm steadily building powerful, broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

3,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I build up scrawny bodies, and how I pare down fat, flabby ones — how I turn them into human dynamos of pure MANPOWER.

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